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## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

### "THE NEW PATH."

That promising art-monthly, "The New Path," which owed its origin to the pre-Raphaelites of New York, and whose light went out some time since for the want of funds, has again had the breath of life breathed into it, and appears this month in its old dress and very like its old tasteful self. "The New Path" ought to be patronized by all art-lovers, for it is the only periodical in the country that ventures to have an independent opinion about art, and moreover that has an opinion worth heeding. It has the courage to tell the truth about fashionable reputations, and does not hesitate to praise excellence, even when found in very young and unknown men. The April number is mainly devoted to an article on Harriet Hosmer's "Zenobia," which is the only honest, sensible criticism that has yet dared to float above a sea of whipped syllabubs. Blind worshippers of Zenobia will not fail to pour out the phials of their wrath upon the brave critics; the judicious must applaud. Then, too, there is the beginning of an article on "Furniture," which promises well. If any writer can persuade men and women that the atrocities, yclepted chairs, which visitors are requested to sit down in and make themselves at home in, are nothing more than infernal machines, and that chairs can be constructed on comfortable, physiological principles, that writer will cover himself with glory and bring down upon his head the blessings of the world and aching, tortured spines. "The New Path," also grows indignant at the pleasant little appropriation of \$25,000, which Congress has wisely thought fit to donate to Mr. Powell for another atrocious historical painting with which to defile the walls of the Nation's Capitol. It is highly creditable to Massachusetts that her voice, through her noble representative, Charles Sumner, was loud in condemnation of such a waste of money and canvas.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

The publication of "The New Path," which has been enjoying the benefit of a vacation for a few months, is now resumed, and it will be issued hereafter by Mr. James Miller with promptness and regularity. The new number shows tracks of the same bold hunters who have already become famous for their unrelenting vigilance in the pursuit of all interlopers in the domain of Art. These rough riders run down pitilessly everything which they regard as legitimate game, in spite of the previous reputation, eclat, or pretenses of the subjects. A paper on Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia" informs that lady and her admirers of the defects of her genius and the shortcomings of her hand with a transparent candor which is truly wonderful in these days when artists claim the refreshment of sugared phrases as a matter of right. Probably few readers will agree with the incisive strictures on "Zenobia," but no one can deny that the critic holds a high standard of excellence in Art, and knows how to announce his convictions with unmistakable lucidity. In our view, "The New Path" would be highly improved by more exposition and less dogmatism, a greater tolerance of opposing ideas, a more catholic standard of taste, and an entire avoidance of the ungracious conceit and Pharisaism which are no less intolerable in literature and in art, than in religion. Still the marked ability of the work, its refreshing frankness and honesty, its appreciation of the noble function of the artist, and even its cool assumption of infallibility, give a zest and vitality to its pages, and make it a power, though small in size, of not a little weight and significance in our periodical literature.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

There is genuine vitality in this little exponent of art, the only American journal at present devoted to the subject. It takes the Ruskin view, which, if it be not the truest in the minds of the many, is certainly the view adopted and religiously held by the judicious few. In the present number, Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia passes under review. The article is intelligently, kindly written, but denies to the statue a place in true art. But the best paper in the number is one called "Our Furniture; what it is and what it should be." Let all who have furnished or who mean to furnish their houses, read it.—*Philadelphia Legal Intelligencer*.

The April number of this monthly art journal, now published by James Miller, has a carping, uneasy grumble about Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia"—the first pebble to divert the current of steady praise which has flowed around that noble work of sculpture. More profitable reading is a really able and truthful article on "Our Furniture; what it is and what it should be."—*Evening Post*.